detract from the virtuous, true and Where are the footprints of the ancient dead who dwell and wrought in Rome and made jewels in the beauteous diadem of wo-

name, And watched the passing of earth's strongest

-The Spectator. WOMAN.

this Commencement. In puzzling my brain for a subject fitting the occasion—for common-place sentiment or stale platitudes cannot satisfy the demands of an age electric with thoughts and teeming with fancied novelties—I could think of nothing that would prove of more interest to both sexes than that much discussed theme—Woman. Not woman in any stage of development: much discussed theme—Woman. Not woman in any stage of development; not woman in any manifestation of her peculiar characteristics; not woman educated or uneducated, refined or gross; not the woman of romance or the paint-not the woman of romance or the paint-not the woman of formance or the bejeweled butterfly of fashion; not the bejeweled belle of a fancy ball, nor the complaining graceful per peculiar characteristics; not woman educated or uneducated, refined or gross; not the woman of romance or the paint-not the woman of romance or the bejeweled belle of a fancy ball, nor the complaining graceful per peculiar characteristics; not woman educated or uneducated, refined or gross; not the woman of romance or the paint-not the state Prohi-not the elevation to cquality with man, so there elevation to cquality with man, so there elevation to cquality with man, so there elevation to cquality with plaining croaker who bewails her wifebood; net the Mrs. and-a-bout who
tattles from morn till night; not the
beartless feminine structure whose soul
is concentrated on her own individual is concentrated on her own individual conferred upon her, until to-day she roll of fame and nearer to her God and tion of her fair countrywomen. She is self, but the woman true-whom ambi- stands the grandest and most powerful tion swerves not from duty, whom flat factor in the moral and social universe tery cannot cajole, which is but a true Yet, woman-like, she is not satisfied type of our Anglo-Saxon woman, modi- and craves a new field in which t d and improved by education and exercise her inexhaustive faculties. It has been invidiously said of woman that

We must consider woman as she is in whatever is denied her she deems her her best presentation of virtue, intelli- sacred right, and to deny her the right to

the other sex, when exerted in a way that she only knows how to make effect and resolute and never susceptible to traffic in the State of Missisand resolute and never susceptible to improper influences. Neither soda consummation, man has proved himself no unwilling agent responding to the claims of a higher civilization and yielding to the demands of enlightened public sentiment in this age of worderful lies sentiment in this age of worderful lies sentiment in this age of worderful lies sentiment in the State of Missis-sippi, in State Convention assembled, sippi, in State Convention assembled, acknowledge with profound gratitude, the Mississippi Convention was instructed to send a telegram in response. No matter how wide the chasm which heretofore may have separated the West and the South, now, when this great

mitted as an equal contestant in the intellectual tournament. With what result? Is she found lagging in the race, while her proud brother is first at the goal? Wonderful to tell! The click of the telegraph does not so report, the As a candrate, which the specific property of the telegraph does not so report, the telephone utters no such sound, the press, the world's great tongue, speaks, the world strain, the propose of this organization of laws.

The world enough to think'so. Young people like to have been asked to think so.

The most administration of laws.

The world enough to have been asked to think so. Young people like to have been asked to think so.

The propose of this great tongue, speaks, the trainfigurency, civil-gereent men from problisting the propose of this organization to prove playing had destroy him. Neither party the government of the many should have the world with the state of Misses, mere cries about liberton, of two provents that he world will destroy him. Neither party and the proposed like to have been asked to think so.

The state of Misses, mere cries about liberton, the world was a movent of the many state of the speak, test in the proposed

a spirit of boasing; the weaker should most from the many abuses common triumph over the stronger, but simply to cirk an example, to tilustrate as has brains as well as man.

As though the chivalrous, and generated the stronger of the state of the stat

THE CLARION.

VOL. XLVIII.

once to challenge public attention and criticism. Now, while I would not

beautiful, for they are the brightest

JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1885.

who dwelt and wrought in Rome and made mankind?

What memory have the mighty left behind In this imperial place where they were bred?

Like minute sands the centuries have sped To cover nations with their dust-cloud blind; Fragments of beauty past are all we find, Whose purpose, with the flying years, is fied. In this vast universe is left no place For that fleet breath that fleeting man calls Tame.

These stones, that mind us of some fading and watched the passing of earth's strongest or that were and watched the passing of earth's strongest or that were and watched the passing of earth's strongest or that were and watched the passing of earth's strongest or that were and watched the passing of earth's strongest or that were and watched the passing of earth's strongest or that were and watched the passing of earth's strongest or that were and watched the passing of earth's strongest or the were predicted and developed; but, whilst honoring and developed; but, whilst honoring and emulating the fathers, assiduously cultivated and developed; but, whilst honoring and emulating the fathers, we must recognize our condition as it is and adjust ourselves to the urgent demands of the occasion. The day is past, if ever indeed it existed, that the limit of woman's ambition was marriage, advocates of woman's suffrage, but it can trait, as handed down by the fathers, assiduously cultivated and developed; but, whilst honoring and emulating the fathers, assiduously cultivated and developed; but, whilst honoring and emulating the fathers, assiduously cultivated and developed; but, whilst honoring and emulating the fathers, assiduously cultivated and developed; but, whilst honoring and emulating the fathers, assiduously cultivated and developed; but, whilst honoring and emulating the fathers, assiduously cultivated and developed; but, whilst honoring and emulating the fathers, assiduously cultivated and developed; but, whilst honoring and emulating the fathers, assiduously cultivated and developed; but, whilst honoring and emu or that woman, regardless of her intel- advocates of woman's suffrage. but it can- tion. will vanish too; the long years bold no grace lectual capacity, should be restricted to shaping the affairs of state. In society, More than ever before in the history of woman performs an important part. our county, are women dependent for support on their own exertions. There AN Leave of Marker Colleges of the many special control of the support on their own exertions. There care more over the common stock of joy in the common st

TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT.

INDUCTED BY REV. C. G. ANGREWS, D. Jackson, Miss., to whom all contr. Department should be addressed.

condition of slavery, abject and vile in as a contestant, particularly when ford, of Holmes, Vice-Presidents. Judge

new dress, she would trip to the ballot box and after having given her name and age, (never reaching beyond the age of twenty-one) deposit her ballot with force. She will see that everybody else to the evening of the nineteenth century, a period greatly distinguished above every preceding one, for its development of the powers of the human intellect and for the progress with which it has signalized itself in science and creature. She will not exercise the election of the ballot with box and after having given her name and age, (never reaching beyond the age of twenty-one) deposit her ballot with force. She will see that everybody else votes—no one should remain at home on such a day. She will bring out the cook, now, when this great dominant moral sentiment in many dominant moral sentiment in many to counties. The little company has become a mighty army. The cloud no larger than a man's hand has overcast the heavens and rained its blessings largely upon every community. This success emboldens us to greater effort. The achievements of the past are a prophecy of yet grander things in the

RESOLUTIONS:

1. That this Convention heartily in

inement and affluence, but in obedience to what she believes to be the call of her Maker, she has left the quiet of the

man of the past; observation and experience fell use something of the woman of the right to participate excitely in the policy. The right is a find that the policy is now and how man of the degree and participate excited in the variety of the words of the policy in the right to power held with the policy in the right to power and hold of the policy in the policy

is contitured, and woman continued in a comotioned in a continued in a continued of salvery, abject and ville in her service ministrations to his arbitrary will and power. It was not until the mode of warfare. Every tomotest of the herter part of mankind, that, recognizing in part her excellent qualities of the better part of mankind, that, recognizing in part her excellent qualities of the better part of mankind, that, recognizing in part her excellent qualities of the better part of mankind, that, recognizing in part her excellent qualities of the better part of mankind, that, recognizing in part her excellent qualities of the better part of mankind, that, recognizing in part her excellent qualities of the better part of mankind, that, recognizing in part her excellent qualities of the better part of mankind, that, recognizing the passions, and the company of the passions, and the control of his love, the partner of his love, the partner of his cover, the partner of his cover, the partner of his cover, the property in more and the primary elections, go as a detend the primary elections, go as a depart of the term, and the energy of the passions, Human laws and human institutions, recognizing our series of the passions, Human laws and human institutions, recognizing our series of the passions, Human laws and human institutions, and there are the terminal to the primary elections, go as a defense of a substant series of the passions, Human laws and human institutions, and the energy of the passions, Human laws and human institutions, recognizing our series of the passions, Human laws and human institutions, and the energy of the passions, Human laws and human institutions, and the excellent properts in more expectations, and the primary elections, go as a defense or a substant series of the passions, and the primary elections, go as a detend the primary elections, go as a depart of the cover, and the primary elections, go as a depart of the passions, and the primary elections, go as a depart of the primary elec

siastic Convention ever known in the State was then being held. The Secre-tary of the Mississippi Convention was instructed to send a telegram in response.

welpoment of the progress with which it has signalized itself in science and it has signalized itself in science and discovery, in the arts of peace and war, and in every branch of human industry, we find woman's just rights more generally conceded and her privileges more extensively enlarged than at any previous epoch in the world's history. Especially is this true in our own grand and glorious country, where the vigerous and irrepressible Anglo-Saxon mind is working out successfully the great problems of science and government.

In the booming development of new educational ideas, opportunities are offered and facilities granted that were never before offered or granted, of which she is an admirer of the self-conditional ideas, opportunities are offered and facilities granted that were never before offered or granted, of which she is an admirer of the self-conditional ideas, opportunities are offered and facilities granted that were never before offered or granted, of which she is an admirer of the past are a prophecy of yet grander things in the cause of the past are a prophecy of yet grander things in the cutter. Wherever good prohibitory awas have been adopted, intemperance account of mere personal favor, or opose because she has a spite against or support a candidate or support a candidate of the will not support a candidate of soriety and good government has been suppressed and the cause of soriety and good government and to the cause of soriety and good government and churches have failed to subject King Alcohol to satisfactory in the achievements of the past are a prophecy of yet grander things in the turne. Wherever good prohibitory account of mere personal favor, or opose because she has a spite against or support a candidate on the will not support a candidate of support a candidate in turne. Wherever good prohibitory account of mere personal favor, or opose because she has a spite against or a candidate in turne. Wherever good prohibitory account of mere personal favor, or opose because she has a s ed and facilities granted that were never—she fore offered or granted, of which she is availing herself with an earnest purpose, inspired by a natural ambition to promote herself to a higher sphere of usefulness; and the

DOORS OF OUR STATE UNIVERSITIES, which never before responded to the "open sesame" of woman, now, at her approach, "on golden hinges turning" open wide their portals and give her agenerous welcome to their classic halls. Within those time-honored halls, where the sons of noble sires were wont to congregate and compete among themselves, in generous rivalry for University prizes and honors, woman has been admitted as an equal contestant in the intallectual tournament. With what

ESME. Count Von Lindenheim.

CHAPTER I.

"THE WHITE SKIES THRILL WITH A MOON UNARISEN." "Sydney!" At the sound of the calling voice a girl rose from the low seat, luxuriously filled with scarlet cushions, under the tulipa-tree, in which she had

But if the points of divergence were marked thus strongly, there were stronger points still that made the meeting-places easy of attainment. In main ignorant of the fact that he is writing or reading by candle-light. And the work of the fact that he were at the verge of quarreing—at least I was."

"And what was the point of difference?"

"Woman, down-trodden woman. I her gray eyes Godfrey Loraine saw those that had tenderly lightened and smiled for him, before he had known that the daughter's life must cost the mother's; and though the buried dream had sufficed him as far as this world.

main ignorant of the fact that he is writing or reading by candle-light. And that is forbidden."

"She takes great care of me," remarked Mr. Loraine, "and, unfortunately, it is impossible to deceive her."

"Not her rights," "Not her rights, Sydney—her privileges."

"In the property of home circle to become an active gleaner in the white fields of Temperance. Mrs. Irvin impresses every one who sees and turned, yet he did not fret and mourn, hears her as being possessed of singular or even ceaselessly regret, but passed a purity of character and of unswerving hard-working scholar's life; the only

eyes, would have to believe, and bid her "God speed," though any other paradise always seems cold and unbeautiful,

replied her father.

"To be sure, he is German. No"—reflectively—"he is far more likely to want a poetry book, and that in this house he is easily provided with. There, dear father, you see I am beforehand making the best of him. It is selfishness, of course but one never wants outsiders. of course, but one never wants outsiders in Paradise." "No," said her father, with a little

amused smile, "especially as outsiders sometimes take the form of the ser-"Father," she retorted, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself. I only spoke thus to give you an opportunity of de-fending him. I shall be obliged now to

defend him myself, and he is your friend." "My friend's son-and sons and fathers, alas! are often sadly unlike. But this especial son pleased me. He re-minded me very much of what his fath-

er was when we got into mischief together, in prehistoric times."

Lamplight was scarcely needed yet,
even for dinner, though a few wax candles did help out the waning daylight;
but in the beautiful drawing-room, which opened at one end into a spacious well-filled library—descriptive combina-tion which figured forth the joint lives tion which figured forth the joint lives passed in the two rooms—no artificial light was needed. It was a beautiful room on the first story, and its wide-open windows looked down into the square, sheltered garden, round three sides of which the house was built—the garden where Sydney had slept that afternoon. She and her father stood together by one of the windows, round which grew honey-suckle and yellow roses, and the silence that only calm, satisfied love can appreciate and comprehend had enfolded them for some time as they stood thus looking together across the garden on to the rose-touched, sunset sky beyond. Their hearts so near together, and yet their thoughts so far apart. His turning back to that buried past, which would rise up before him in such moments as these; hers on to the future, which every girl, con-

to the future, which every girl, consciously or unconsciously, believes some coming unborn day holds for her.

"Ah! here is Count von Lindenheim."

Back to the world Godfrey Loraine came with a little sigh. Back from her dreams came also Sydney at her father's voice saving, "This is my daughter." as if he had said "This is my queen," to find a tall, fair-haired man bowing to her, and telling her in very careful, but apparently good English, that he was very grateful to have been asked to this beautiful house, instead of being left at the inn.

inippancy or roughness which jarred upon her often in the younger men side met. They wanted something distinct from the mannerisms of an older generation, which were unsuited to their from the mannerisms of an older generation, which were unsuited to their sary that she should adjust her life to the form of no manners at all; some subtle mingling of dignity and courtest, which this stranger was possessed of, which Mr. Loraine which she saudenly looked up and smiled at some reminiscence of his fathers, which the stranger was possessed of the form of no manners at all; some subtle mingling of dignity and courtest, which this stranger was possessed of, without being sad his face was grave for his one-and-thirty- years, but cast, and the stranger was possessed of the form of no manners at all; some subtle mingling of dignity and courtest, which this stranger was possessed of the form of no manners at all; some subtle mingling of dignity and courtest, with the stranger was possessed of the form of no manners at all; some subtle mingling of dignity and courtest, which this stranger was possessed of the form of no manners at all; some subtle mingling of dignity and courtest, which this stranger was possessed of the form of no manners at all; some subtle mingling of dignity and courtest, which this stranger was possessed of the form of no manners at all; some subtle mingling of dignity and courtest, which this stranger was possessed of the form of no manners at all; some subtle mingling of dignity and courtest, which this stranger was possessed of the form of no manners at all; some subtle mingling of dignity and courtest, which this stranger was possessed of the form of the other had so each of the

gence, genius and religion. Historians and strists have pictured to us the world man of the past; observation and experience tell us something of the woman of today; but, standing at this grand focal point in the world's history, who can can look through prophetic lenses and paint for us the woman of the power behind the throne, now she and paint for us the woman of the power behind the throne, now she and paint for us the woman of the power behind the throne, now she place. The trains in the throne are always doing things that they do gravely upon her, as if demanding an explanation of her random words.

Held in this city on July 1, was all that the most sanguine friends of this pursuits wals, in all that the most sanguine friends of this perform that particular act infuses into determination to duty. Governor St. John, speaking of her in a circle of friends, said: "Now jsn't she one of the Lord's own?"

In and strists have pictured to us the world between the past; observation and experience tell us something of the woman of the vice and hold office. So far, she has been that the most sanguine friends of this friends, said: "Now jsn't she one of the Lord's own?"

A Pleasing Incident.

Toward the close of the Convention, are always doing things that they do days were over when with her of the area of the past; observation and experience to duty. Governor St. John, speaking of her in a circle of friends, said: "Now jsn't she one of the Lord's own?"

A Pleasing Incident.

Toward the close of the Convention, and books, this girl, who, in library, in his library, in his walks, in all that the most sanguine friends of this pursuity and been determination to duty. Governor St. John, speaking of her in a circle of friends, said: "Now jsn't she one of the Lord's own?"

A Pleasing Incident.

Toward the close of the Convention, and the prophetic lenses and the most sanguine friends of this pursuity, in his pleasure, outside his books, this girl, who, in the determination to duty. Governor St. John, speaking of her in a

main what a woman believes him to Loraine.

exactly what I told father."
"Ah! but the oracle must not mingle its answers. Mine was different—and I disagree with it."

"And why?" she asked, her voice "And why?" she asked, her voice was not hear voices, and they are always richness von wish to see—voices with the attention they were exciting.

"And why?" she asked, her voice was richness to avoid a ways richness von wish to see—voices with the attention they were exciting. growing more serious, and the fan falling unnoticed on her lap. "Do you think that the woman is deceivable, or that the man would never do anything that he would not wish her to know? I, you know only deployed her know? I. You know? You know only deployed her know only deployed her know only t you know, only deplored her keensight-edness—it is her misfortune."

to his side.

"That is how we have both thanked standing beside her, with fair, uncover-

ter to live in a fool's paradise to the last moment possible!"

"Don't answer her, Lindenheim," Mr. Loraine said, who had drawn near. "She would state anything to lead one into an argument, and would always say the fortunate?"

thing most likely to cause a spirit of contradiction to rise in her hearer. I know her better than to take the adroit- "Ah, but I am not afraid of the ly disguised hook. Enough of argument. Sing, Sydney, sing."

"It is postponed," said Sydney, philosophically. "I will sing. And you also, I am sure," turning to her guest. "Our united talents will, I am sure—father,"

An, but I am not, arrand of the especial misfortune that they are said to bring!"

"And what is that?" asked Mr. Loraine.

She turned with a little courtesy to her father. "The daughters, sir, of the breaking off suddenly.
"My dear child, yes"—in rather a hurried manner-"what is it?" "There was guilt in the tones of your voice. Where are you?"

destiny in spite of the peacock?" "I am here," rather nervously; "I can to my peacock's feathers, and my prime

with equanisity my destiny, and ching "I am hear evrously; "I can hear you perfectly. Sing 'Yesterday."
Sydney gave a little slight shrug as she sat down at the piano. "There is no use being too strict," she remarked, smiling. One must overlook shortcomman so use being too strict," she remarked, smiling. One must overlook shortcomman in the darker corner of the papy."

"Particularly when they make people happy."

"We are arguing again," he said. "That is a very bad reason," she began.

"We are arguing again," he said. "That has also been forbidden. Let me hear that salso been forbidden. Let me hear that so been forbidden. Let me hear the song first."

"She sang one or two simple little German songs that suited her voice, and her listener remained on by her side whilst the twilight deepened so gradually, that very soon the one bright spot in the room came from the candies on the piano. Then she paused, and asked:

"The she paused, and asked:

"The she paused, and asked:

"You are a wise woman." replied her failed her solice, and damost instinctively took a step away from him, shaking off his voice, and almost instinctively took a step away from him, shaking off his voice, and almost instinctively took a step away from him, shaking off his voice, and almost instinctively took a step away from him, shaking off his voice, and almost instinctively took a step away from him, shaking off his voice, and almost instinctively took a step away from him, shaking off his voice, and almost instinctively took a step away from him, shaking off his voice, and her deaminess as she did so. But as she so moved, before his next word reached her, there rangthrough the still summer evening air a shrill, terriled saway, was caught up and echoed in a offer of a candle; "I am going to sing a little song that I kino onsciousness of the unusualness.

"An in on sciousness of the unusualness.

"Sydney turned her head with a certain consciousness of the unusualness.

"Sydney turned her head with a certain consciousness of the unusualness.

"

"But now it is your turn, do you not

sing?"
"No," he answered, "but I play." She gave up her place to him, and re-sumed the seat where she had been before, in the low window-seat by the

open window.

The night had grown still and quiet, the rosy lights had all vanished, and thousands of stars shone overhead in the clear blue sky. The gentle stirring of the acacia trees below, the soft scents that the night air was bringing from the roses and honey-suckle, seemed to belong to some different world from the one in which she had dreamed dway the afternoon hours. Perhaps it was Mendelssohn's dreamy music, interpreted by a master hand, that had somewhat to do with the change. And when at length he rose and came and stood by her side he did not at once speak, and to her no commonplace word of thanks "It is magic," he said, as round the corner of the dark building opposite came a sudden stream of moonlight,

ful garden?"

"No, father, I am not." And then, turning in an explanatory manner to her guest, "Whenever father says that."

and sweet.

"You are just in time, father; Count Lindenheim and I went on arguing until we were at the verge of quarreling—

to know so well. Sydney Loraine rose to leges."
"I do not like them accorded as privi-"True, father, and that kind of woman is very tiresome in everyday life."

"And why?"

She had spoken jestingly, but Count von Lindenheim's eyes were turned gravely upon her, as if demanding an explanation of her random words.

"Well, why, Sydney?" her father questioned also during the little pause, "Well, why a king and queen, and then there would arise no question as to which were rights and which were privileges."

"No, father," she retorted; "home

"All alone?"

panied him in silence for a few minutes.

unless he is shining down upon you. Do you feel the cold very much?"

pleasanter.

father," she retorted; and she was quite grave as she accom-

"Perhaps," she said thoughtfully.

Ile had spoken seriously, but when he noted how grave her face was, he smiled.

And then, "No, no," he added; "we won't quarrel, when after all we are agreed. It is truth, truth, we are both defending; you only say you deplore its presence sometimes, because it shows up what we should not discover without tis light. And I say better discover it."

It seems to me a great thing to have been charge agreed thing to have been intrusted with the key that threw open the gates." He found himself lookship in the commentation of pathetic interest at the old man's sad eyes, to whom had been conjured up a vision of his buried past, at the girl's glad eyes that had had a glimpse into what was veiled from her agreed thing to have been intrusted with the key that threw open the gates." He found himself lookship in the commentation of pathetic interest at the old man's sad eyes, to whom had been conjured up a vision of his buried past, at the girl's glad eyes that had had a glimpse into what was veiled from her discover with the commentation of it?"

It seems to me a great thing to have been chartened with the key that threw open the gates." He found himself lookship in the commentation of pathetic interest at the old man's sad eyes, to whom had been conjured up a vision of his buried past, at the girl's glad eyes that had had a glimpse into what was veiled from her open the gates."

It seems to me a great thing to have been chartened open the gates. The found himself lookship is all be gone. Everything comes to the end."

"Everything comes to the end."

"Everything comes to the end."

It is rather a hard world, is it not, when one comes to think that that is the text of it?"

It seems to me a great thing to have a comment of the comment of the comment of the comment." ts light. And I say better discover it." and then the momentary emotion that had I still am not sure," she made maker more lightly, "if it were not bet-

She took it in her hand, touching the

house do not marry."
"And you mean to accomplish your "On the contrary, I mean to accept with equanimity my destiny, and cling

I gaze away—Across the sands To see if somewhere I may find A careless trifle left behind.

The tender eves—That smiled in mine; If those dear eyes—Again might shine, And I might find along the way The heart that loved me yesterday.

Oh, love! oh, loss!—No use, tired hands To reach ficross—The fading sands; They are not there, the gifts that lay In the white arms of yesterday.

When she had finished there was a few seconds' silence, then Count Lin-denheim walked over to the darkened cerner by the piano, and—
"Have you the words?" he asked; "I should like to read them, for my English is not strong enough for me to understand English songs."
"They are here," she replied, "if you can read my writing." even the present scemed vague and un-defined compared with the golden sun-

"They are pretty," old Mr. Loraine remarked, "though perhaps you are not old enough to think so. Young people like to imagine that sorrow, pretty senti-mental sorrow, of course, is being borne

gether, later, they would pass to the terrace which lay on the other side of the house—the terrace where, in all the rays of the setting sun, the peacocks strutted up and down in all the pride engendered by the consciousness of fine feathers. They would lean on the low wall facing the glory of sunset, looking across the level English meadows, through which flowed the river, taking on its glassy breast the reflecting gleams of red and gold from the sky above, and admiring, often in silence, the glories of heaven, which seemed finding a reflection in the waters beneath.

The first few days they had read much, talked of the work which was the connecting link between the friends—the work in which the son of the one

"Yes, I should say he was. And he

But fifteen days had passed since then. Poetry had been abandoned for conversation, sometimes indeed for silence, whilst Sydney sat and worked. And it was not only with Miss Loraine that Count ven Lindenheim had made himself something more than a casual wide. tea with me."

"There is so much sunshine in the world," he added, absently, looking overhead into the cloudless blue, "and sometimes indoors one is inclined to forget it."

"You are very quiet, Sydney." Her father and daughter; he so small and fragile-looking, with his small and fragile-looking, with his show Count Lindenheim our beautiful garden?"

"No, father, I am not." And then, turning in an explanatory manner to ment—she, so tall strong, and upright.

"There is so much sunshine in the what his life might be like, and what his life might be.

"Perhaps."

"Perhaps."

"Here is father," she went on, turning that Count ven Lindenheim had made himself something more than a casual visitor. Old Mr. Loraine had appeared on the threshold between the two doors. She went a few steps toward him, and took his hand in hers, the little mutinous expression fading as she looked at him, her eyes growing soft and sweet.

"You are pust in time, father; Count Lindenheim and I went on arguing until that Count ven Lindenheim had made himself something more than a casual visitor. Old Mr. Loraine had appeared on the threshold between the two doors. She went a few steps toward him, and took his hand in hers, the little mutinous expression fading as she looked at him, her eyes growing soft and sweet.

"Count Lindenheim' she spoke very which he would walk up and down with him in the summer twilight, listening to the stories of long ago, brought back, in a measure, his youth to the older man.

"You are here," he said quickly. "I want on a measure, his youth to the older man.

"You are here," he said quickly. "I want on a measure, his youth to the older man.

"You are here," he said quickly. "I want on the count wan Lindenheim had made himself something more than a casual appearation that Count ven Lindenheim had made himself something more than a casual appearation. "Good the door behind her, she head and pearation that Count ven Lindenheim had made himself something more than a casual visitor. Old Mr. Loraine had appearation that Co

man.

"The sun is setting, mademoiselle, he has deserted the garden, and it grows chilly. Let us follow him to the other side of the house."

"The sun is setting, mademoiselle, he has deserted the garden, and it grows chilly. Let us follow him to the other side of the house."

"But it is very foolish;" her voice was still soft and low, and she moved a few steps nearer to him; "and you are standing by the open window. How unwise!

She went on into the corner by the piano, and seating herself at it, pointed to a low chair beside her.

"St down," she said, in tones more like her usual voice, "then you cannot decays me. At the sound of the voice with the little foreign accent that she had learnt her feet, and put down her book.
"It is you," she said. "Where have you been these one, two, three hours?" "I have been for a long walk," was his deceive me. I can judge for myself

dish you are." "No. I do not wish to deceive you," he answered. "I have caught cold, I am certain, but that we can speak of after-"All alone. I have been thinking."
"And could you not think here? It yould have been very much cooler and ward. First, there is something else. I wished to sav it to you this afternoon, "Cooler and pleasanter," he repeated, and then but it would not have been thinking.

"Yes," she said softly, "tell me now." She was no longer excited. The hands But now, come quickly, let us go to the that held the peacock's feathers did not tremble, only her eyes did not meet his. "I," he began. He stopped abruptly, then rose up and took a few steps and back again, until he stood behind her The light smile had died away that and been visible when she first spoke, chair, and there again paused, and rest-ed his hands on the back, as if to steady And then, as if shaking off the shadowy anxiety: "What a sun-worshiper you are!" she said. "You are never happy himself. "I don't know why I have not told you before," he began; "It has not been from any wish to keep it to myself, but-I am engaged."

"Very much. I only live in the sum-The empty room seemed to echo the words, hold them, and repeat them for "You are not strong," she said, more as if stating a fact than asking a quesfull a moment's breathless silence. moment, whilst the hold on her fan "I am much stronger than I was," he answered, evasively.

She looked up at him quickly, as if to read the truth of his words in his face. But she did not speak. Neither did he, though he did not turn his eyes away, but let them rest on hers.

I moment, whilst the hold on her fan loosened, and she clasped her hands tightly together, and then she speke. All the softness had gone out of her gray eyes, her voice even had grown hard and defiant.

"And why should you tell me now? A man is not called upon to confess his vivate afforced by its relative to the look of her fan loosened, whilst the hold on her fan loosened, and she clasped her hands tightly together, and then she speke. All the softness had gone out of her gray eyes, her voice even had grown hard and defiant.

"And why should you tell me now? A man is not called upon to confess his vivate afforced by the confess his provided to the confess had gone out of her gray eyes."

"It was fairyland."

"It was fairyland."

"Better than fairyland," answered Mr. Loraine. "I was listening also, and if you do not believe me, go and look at my manuscript, and see how few words I have added to it. That is the charm of music," he went on, turning to the young man; "it comprises everything.

"It was fairyland."

She hesitated a second, then gave a quick little sigh. But. "It is a pity for a man not to be strong," was all she said.

"You ask—but you know. Look at my manuscript, and see how few words I have added to it. That is the charm of music," he went on, turning to the young man; "it comprises everything.

They were standing now on the broad to the peacocks and if you do not believe me, go and look at my manuscript, and see how few words I have added to it. That is the charm of music," he went on, turning to the young man; "it comprises everything.

They were standing now on the broad to the peacocks and if you do not believe me, go and look at my manuscript, and see how few words I have added to it. That is the charm of music," he went on, turning to the young man; "it comprises everything.

They were standing now on the broad to the peacocks are not to be strong," was all she me, and tell me it is so."

Almost involuntarily she turned her he answered.

"You ask—but you know. Look at my manuscript, and see how few words a man not to be strong," was all she me, and tell me it is so."

Almost involuntarily she turned her he answered.

"It makes their lives more difficult."

They were standing now on the broad to the product of the produc displayed in skirting it by. "You have been here long enough. You must re-turn"—there was a second's pause—"to

"That is how we have both thanked you," she said swiftly, her hand on the large to blame us because you find out we are blaming the idel, when you should blame the idel are the idel are."

"That is how we have both thanked you," she said swiftly, her hand on the old man's, her gray eyes lifted to the younger. "We have both told you that you showed us a magic country; you see we felt, though we could not speak."

"And I can only say," he replied, "that is how we have both thanked you," she said swiftly, her hand on the old man's, her gray eyes lifted to the younger. "We have both told you that you showed us a magic country; you see we felt, though we could not speak."

"And I can only say," he replied, "that it seems to me a great thing to have it seems to me a great thing to have "Oh the weather will change—or I a man's life." "Oh, the weather will change-or I a man's life." "If you think that-do you?-yes." as

she did not speak, "why should you not? "Everything comes to the end," she re- -then there seems nothing more to peated softly. "Is that so, I wonder? say."
It is rather a hard world, is it not, when He took his hands off the back of her

one comes to think that that is the text of it?"

Chair, and moved away to the window, where he had been standing when she entered, and there threw himself down Down by the river the glory of the sunset was beginning to fade, and a faint gray shadow seemed to haunt the river. The only sign of life was a tall, black-robed woman's figure across the water, wending her homeward way over the fields-dark and distinct against the | were in which he had hidden his face. sky; and a smaller dark figure of a child, that ran about hither and thither search and impetuously, following him and "It is sad," Sydney said. "Somehow, the moment of sunset is always a little den she knelt down by his side in soft

the moment of sunset is always a little suggestive of death—loneliness—sadness. One feels something has been taken out of our life."

The sad, Sydney said. Somethow, then, as he still due to those, of a sudden she knelt down by his side in soft abandonment, and laid her hand on his arm. "I am cruel," she repeated, "but it is because I am hurt myself, and," her voice faltering, "you know it, you "Mademoiselle."

It was no answer to her words, no know it." comment on them that was coming. At the touch on his arm, at the sound The tones were a little excited—a cer- of the soft voice, from which had died tain thrill in them which seemed to presage the coming of something special. and then laid his hand caressingly on Sydney turned her head with a cer-ain consciousness of the unusualness "Ah," she cried, anxiously, "how fever-

was it indeed she?—with hands tight-clasped about his arm, was imploring him to stay. Was it her own voice?

"Not you. Oh, do not go!"

fore?"

She did not answer in words, but neither did she take her hand from his.

"This afternoon," he wenton, "I made up my mind to go, and then—" He She felt the hold of her hands loosen-be stated. "I thought at first I need say It seemed to her she felt also a nothing—that I would go and that I it kiss upon them ere they were relight kiss upon them ere they were released, and then they were hanging down by her side, and she was standing leased, and then they were hanging down by her side, and she was standing straight and tall on the bank, the sun shining broadly down and she realized is it not so?—and therefore you made shining broadly down, and she realized, all in a moment, that she, in her white gown, and that other black-robed figure hands about his. "It is foolish, wrong hands about his. "It is foolish, wrong hands about his." opposite, were both alike standing, one on either side of the river, waiting and praying for the life that was dearest to them on earth.

But though she felt it she did not move, did not even clasp her hands, could not even think. Past and to come, even the present seemed warms and up. opposite, were both alike standing, one

defined compared with the golden sunlight that was writing her love in letters of fire across the evening sky and green meadows, even in a faint reflective fashion, on the surface of the flowing river.

If can say nothing"—and his voice sunded hourse and difficult: "but if I He was across now—the little dark, beaded child was safe in its mother's arms; the blonde-haired man was holding the mother's ling the mother's ling the mother's ling the mother's line toward the dark, silent garden.

"I can say nothing"—and his voice sounded hoarse and difficult; "but if I regain my freedom, may I come back?"

She classed and melanation sarms; the blonde-haired man was holding the mother's hand, and listening doubtless to the words that her love and gratitude prompted.

And now through the sunlight, a little flame of gold all about him, he had the bridge.

Tegam my frequent, may 7 come back?

She clasped and unclasped her hands, as if she were in pain, and it was a moment before she spoke.

"Perhaps it would be better not to think of it," she answered. "It has been a mistake. There will be difficulties and

the ways play until I am tolet to leave off.
My father is very found of music.

And what does home consistor? the window-sand, it and she looked up at him as she spoke. The modified was to the point of looking takek to yester. The modified was to the point of looking takek to yester. The modified was to the point of looking takek to yester. The modified was to the point of looking takek to yester. The modified was to try and real-state what the window-sand, and she looked up at him as she spoke. The modified was to try and real-state what the window sand the power of the point of the window sand the power of the power of